Or ſo; ſo let it paſſe.
Tha. To mee he ſeemes like Diamond, to Glaſſe.
Peri. You Kings to mee, like to my fathers picture,
Which tels in that glory once he was,
Had Princes ſit like Starres about his Throane,
And hee the Sunne for them to reuerence;
None that beheld him, but like leſſer lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his ſupremacie;
Where now his ſonne like a Gloworme in the night,
The which hath Fire in darkneſſe, none in light:
Whereby I ſee that Time's the King of men,
Hee's both their Parent, and he is their Graue,
And giues them what he will, not what they craue.
King. What, are you merry, Knights?
Knights. Who can be other, in this royall preſence.
King. Heere, with a Cup that's ſtur'd vnto the brim,
As do you loue, fill to your Miſtris lippes,
Wee drinke this health to you.
Knights. We thanke your Grace.
King. Yet pauſe awhile, yon Knight doth ſit too melancholy,
As if the entertainement in our Court,
Had not a ſhew might counteruaile his worth:
Note it not you, *Thaiſa.*
Tha. What is't to me, my father?
king. O attend my Daughter,
Princes in this, ſhould liue like Gods aboue,
Who freely giue to euery one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing ſo, are like to Gnats,
Which make a ſound, but kild, are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entraunce more ſweet,
Heere, ſay wee drinke this ſtanding boule of wine to him.
Tha. Alas my Father, it befits not mee,
Vnto a ſtranger Knight to be ſo bold,
He may my profer take for an offence,
Since men take womens giftes for impudence.
king. How? doe as I bid you, or you'le mooue me elſe.
Tha. Now by the Gods, he could not pleaſe me better.

king.